The Drums "Book Of Stories"

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Your perfect photographs on the wall And if I know you your okay I don't want to dance anymore I don't want to sing anymore I don't want to dance anymore We used to sing

I thought Id be okay til I hit that floor
I thought I'd fine 'til I needed it more
I thought I'd be okay 'til I hit that floor
I needed more, and more, and more, and more
I thought my life would get easier
Instead it's getting harder, instead it's gettin harder
I thought my life would get easier
Instead it's getting darker, instead it's getting colder without you

My lifes a book of short stories
And we wrote a new one everyday
I don't understand anymore
You don't love me anymore
I don't understand anymore
And I can't think

I thought Id be okay til I hit that floor I thought I'd fine 'til I needed it more

I thought I'd be okay 'til I hit that floor
I needed more, and more, and more, and more
I thought my life would get easier
Instead it's getting harder, instead it's gettin harder
I thought my life would get easier
Instead it's getting darker, instead it's getting colder
Without you

Why can't I let you go?, Why can't I let you go? I hate you, I wanted to hate you, I wanted to hate you, I wanted to hate you, Hate you, I wanted to hate you

I thought Id be okay til I hit that floor
I thought I'd fine 'til I needed it more
I thought I'd be okay 'til I hit that floor
I needed more, and more, and more, and more
I thought my life would get easier
Instead it's getting harder, instead it's gettin harder
I thought my life would get easier
Instead it's getting darker, instead it's getting colder
Without you, without you, without you,
Without you

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